

HANNIBAL Not at our Gates :

O R,

*An Enquiry into the Grounds of our present  
Fears of Popery and the Pre---der :*

I N A

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

My Lord Parick,

A N D

George Steady, Esq;

Now first Publish'd at the Request of several *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, who desire to inform the World, that they have some Reasons not to be frightned out of their Wits.

---

L. Haf. *If in good Days like these the headstrong Herd  
Grow madly wanton and repine ; it is  
Because the Reins of Power are held too slack.  
And Reverend Authority of late  
Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Justice.*

Mr. Rowe's Tragedy of *Jane Shore*.

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# THE P R E F A C E.

Printer. *M*Ethinks, Sir, You have pitched upon a very odd out of the way Title : not One in Fifty will understand what you Mean, unless you explain it a little.

Publisher. You know I pay an implicate Obedience to your Advice ; you may therefore, as from your self, tell the Town, That Hannibal was a kind of Raw-head and Bloody-bones, with which Nurses used to frighten naughty Children at Rome - - That's all.

Printer. Gad, very well, very well, and so you make Popery to be only Raw head and Bloody-bones. I take it. But was not that same Hannibal a Terrible Fellow, tho' ?

Publisher. Certainly ; but after he lost all Power and became Inconsiderable, nay even some Ages after his Death, the Cry continued - - Hannibal ! Hannibal !

Printer. Very well, very well faith ; and sure you'll say something by Way of Preface to the Dialogue.

Publisher. To what Purpose ? I like it so well my self, I think it needs nothing to commend it to others.

## The Preface.

Printer. *Nay at that rate we shou'd have no Prefaces: Pray, Sir, be perswaded - - - a little Preface, tho' it be but half as long as the B - - - p of S - - - m's.*

Publisher. *In this, good Mr. - - - -, you must Excuse me.*

Printer. *Nay, for God's sake - - - An Introduction then.*

Publisher. *Fogh, the Town is sick of Introductions, ever since the Twelve Penny one.*

Printer. *Well, a Three Penny one, with a Dedication in St - - - le's Manner.*

Publisher. *I am not reduced to beg as yet... in any Thing else you shall Command me..... and so farewell honest Mr. - - -*

Printer. *solus.] These Authors are so plaguy Self-conceited and Obstinate! but I'll be even with him, Print what he and I have just now said, and 'tis but setting on the Top in large Capital Letters, T,H,E, I,N,T,R,O, D,U,C,T,I,O,N; no..... it shall be P,R,E,- F,A,C,E, and the Work is done.*

A  
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

My Lord *Panick*,

AND

*George Steady, Esq;*

*L. Panick.* GOOD Morrow, *Squire*,  
I rejoyce to see thee,  
and should wonder  
how thou canst wear that Face of Health  
and Chearfulness, did I not know what  
sad thoughtless merry Dogs you Rusticks  
are; Fellows, who never look an Inch be-  
fore you! Fye, fye, thou hast some Parts,  
if they were employ'd otherwise than in  
leaping Five-bar-gates, & drinking fat Ale.  
For Shame consider the Times, and assume  
a *Publick Spirit*, now scarce to be found in  
these distracted Kingdoms, except in *Dick*  
*St...le* and some honest *Englishmen* of our



*Club.* I know, *George*, thou canst bawl loud enough after a Pack of Hounds in the Country : Thou hast a deep Mouth, which might be better employ'd and to more Advantage, wouldst thou but join us in the seasonable Cry against *Popery*. Come put on a melancholy Countenance : Alas, these are not Days for Laughing, when we are ready to be swallowed up by *France* and *Popish* Tyranny, when our Estates must return to *Abbies*, and only serve to fatten a Parcel of lazy Drones, when the *Pretender* is at our Doors, and we on the Brink of Destruction.

*G. Steady.* It is no Surprize to me, *My Lord*, to find you grown such a Changeling of late, and so entirely alter'd from the Man you were, when the Belles and Beaux Esprits as you called them, were your Province and only Meditation. These Oracles at *Fenny's*, whom I guess by your Discourse you have been consulting last Night, have quite spoil'd you. Whenever I meet your *Lordship* now-adays, you entertain me as long with the Flames of *Smithfield*, as whilom you used to do with those of Love. Now you breathe nothing but *Popery* and Slavery, and seem in as great dread of the *Inquisition*, as if a hundred thousand *Inquisitors* were actually landed at *Whitehall*. To be free with you,  
*My*

*My Lord*, I love my dirty Acres, my Liberty and the *Church of England*, and abominate the Superstition and Cruelty of that of *Rome*, as heartily as you or any Man whatsoever. But with all my Eyes I cannot spy out these Fleets & Armies which haunt you perpetually ; nor can I see any Likelihood that I shall be made a Slave, or burnt for a Heretick. You indeed, who have too great an Estate and Title to take up an Opinion lightly, may know more than others : I therefore intreat you to let me into the Secret, and to tell me what Steps have been, or are to be taken in order to bring about the Misfortunes which you say are impendent on us.

*L. Pan.* Well thou art a poor ignorant Soul, and has so much natural Simplicity ! the Country, God knows, provides well for her Security when she sends such Representatives ! And do you really think us in no Danger of *Poper*y ? What, is not the Thing in every one's Mouth ? Does not the whole Town, nay Kingdom, ring of it ? And can there be so much Smoke without some Fire ? Don't you observe, what Pains the pious *Bis---ps* take to Write and Preach against it, and do you imagine they would waste their Pens and Lungs *de gayete de coeur*, if the Times did not require it ? Does not *B---t* pre-

pare us for Persecution, and plainly assert that *Popery* like a Torrent, is just breaking in upon us? And can it enter into your Head, that the good old Man hath not substantial Reasons for his Conduct? Are not *Toland* and *Asgil* indefatigably writing for the *Han---r* *Su---n*, and can it---

*G. Steady.* I must interrupt your *Lordship*, as I am a Friend to Truth and the *Han---r* *S---on*, to observe that One of your Three Champions, if he hath any Religion at all, is an errant *Presbyterian*, and the other two are open avow'd Enemies, not only to the *Church of England*, but to *Christianity* in general: They first signaliz'd themselves by writing for *Atheism* and *Infidelity*, and since they still continue Heroes for that Cause, it is to be fear'd their political Works may afford a Handle for strange Speculations, and that the Authors give the *Illus---s House* as many Blows as they write Books in it's Defence.

*L. Pan.* I guess you allude to a certain Report, but take my Word for it, there is nothing in it; and as for the Authors they are staunch Protestants, for they hate the *Pretender*, and I assure you go hand in hand, with *Dick S---le*, *John D---ton*, *R---path*, and *B---bury*: But Besides all this, *Dunkirk* is not demolish'd, there have  
been



been strange Proceedings in *Ireland*, and it is but too visible alas, *Intro. Sa.* where these Things will end : In short, I have some private Reasons, which if you knew them, would prevent your Sleeping and Eating in quiet for this Month to come.

*G. Steady*, Truly, *My Lord*, if your private Reasons be of the same Stamp with those you have mention'd, I must still with your good Leave resolve to continue easy, to eat when I'm hungry, drink when I'm dry, and when I'm sleepy go to Bed, and neither terrify my self nor others with Chymetical wild Fancies, Embryo-Gyants, and Armies Incog.

*L. Pan.* Z...ds, what are chymetical Fancies? What are Embryo-Gyants, as you call them? Are the B...p of S...m's *Introduction and Preface*, the *Crisis*, *Neck or Nothing*, the *Flying-Post*, & the *Englishman*, Chymetical? Damme, you Squires are as stupid as your Parsons: I hope to see some Hundreds of you ty'd to a Stake in *Smithfield*, to convince you with a Vengeance. But come, what the D...l have you with your Country-Wisdom to answer to the Reasons I have been giving you for our Fears?

*G. Steady*. Nay, no Blustering, *My Lord*, no Rant nor *Billingsgate*, I request - tho' that

that may be agreeable to the Method of Reasoning, the *Moderation*, the good Manners of your Party, yet you know my Way, and therefore---if you will have Patience, I'll endeavour, according to my Country-Wisdom, to satisfy you there is still some little Reason why I may eat and sleep, and perform the other Offices of Life. The First Argument your *Lordship* was pleased to advance, to prove I ought to be frighten'd out of my Wits, is as I take it, that there are several other wise Folks, like your self, who fancy we are at present in great Peril and Danger of *Popery*, that an *Orthodox B---p*, or two, and four or five renown'd *Pamphleteers* publish the same in their Works, and that all this Racket and Clutter could not in Nature happen unless there were good Grounds for it.

*L. Pan.* That is the Substance of my Meaning, tho' very awkwardly express'd.

*G. Steady.* Then, *My Lord*, with due Submission to better Judges, I venture to pronounce all this to be meer Trick and Artifice, and a *querelle d' Alleman*: and that there is not one in ten of your noisy Drivers who believes a Title of this imaginary Danger. But they cry out, *Popery, Popery, Popery*, as arch Boys at School, when they have an evil Design upon the Noses and Shins of their Companions, bawl out  
in

in the Dark, the *Devil*, the *Devil*, the *Devil*. But in order to set the Cry about *Poper*y in a clear Light, I must recollect that it hath been these Hundred Years and upwards an Engine for Faction. Your *Lordship* cannot but know the Influence it had on the Rebellion of *Forty One*, when by the Villany of some, the Folly of others, the Cowardice and supine Neglect of a great many, that intatuating Cry, like Witchcraft, possessed the giddy Multitude, and impower'd *Cromwel* to usurp the Government, trample on our Laws, depress and almost extirpate the Nobility and Gentry, deface, nay ruin the *Church*, banish the *Royal* Family, and bring a *Monarch* to the Block: A *Monarch*, who excepting Her present Majesty, was the best Christian, the truest Protestant, the most equitable Dispenser of Justice, and the tenderest Parent of the People that ever sat upon a Throne! To compass the like wicked Ends, the same Cry was reviv'd in King *Charles II's* Reign, who tho' his Enemies attain'd One of their Ends, which was to make him uneasy, had yet the good Fortune to break their darling *Scheme*.

*L. Pan.* Mr. *Steady*, you might have spared all this pedantick Piece of Eloquence, which smells rankly of *Oxford*: I know the History of those Times better than you:  
My

My Father was a considerable Agent in them, and I say there was Reason for that Cry in King *Charles's* Reign; and there was, I gad, there was Reason with a Witness for it in King *James's*, when *Popery* grew Rampant, and the Scarlet Whore presumed to walk at Noon-day in *White-hall* and *Westminster*.

G. Steady. For my Part, *My Lord*, I have declared with as much Zeal as any Man in my Station against the fatal and unjust Measures taken by that Prince to overturn our Constitution. But I must remind your *Lordship* that the *Deists*, the *Dissenters* the *Chur- - - lls*, the *Sunder- - - ds* were not the Men who then stood in the Gap to defend us: On the contrary, they advised and prompted the King to make the unfortunate Steps he did: My Lord *M- - - rough* was the Favourite, and *Sun - - nd* the prime Minister: Liberty of Conscience was equally cherished by the *Dissenters* and *Papists* as an Inlet to *Popery* and *Fanaticism*: To encourage Converts *Sun - - nd* turned Apostate with the most scandalous Circumstances:

*With Taper-Light and Feet all bare  
He to the Temple dld repair,  
And knocking softly at the Portal  
Cry'd Pity Fathers a poor Mortal,*

Miscellan.  
Vol. I.

*And*



*And for a Sinner make some room*

*A Prodigal returning home.*

*Some say that in that very Hour*

*Convert Mall Megs arrived at Door:*

*So both with penitent Grimace,*

*Statesman and Bawd with humble pace,*

*Enter'd and were receiv'd to Grace.*

}  
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But behold how meritorious successful Treachery is! This very infamous *Papist* must now be reckon'd a Father of his Country, a Guardian Angel, the Conductor of the *Prince of Orange*, and as staunch a Protestant even as the Duke of *M - - gh* himself, who since his late Conversion to your Party hath commenced Patriot, and is become your Idol. His Merits with you are no greater a Secret than the Means whereby he first rose at Court. His own and his *Sister's* Lewd Intrigues paved the Way: He enjoyed a full Tide of Favour, and ran into all the Court Measures: But when the King was Distrest, and the Cause desperate and ready to sink, he artfully tacked about, not only abandon'd his indulgent Master, but betrayed, nay, resolved to Assassinate him, after a Thousand Oaths and Protestations of Fidelity, and as many Obligations to it.

*L. Pan.* I am glad you have spoke out at last ; I long suspected you a *Jacobite*, and need not doubt it now, since it appears your Aversion to his Gr---e of *M - - - gh* proceeds from his Endeavours to bring about the *Revolution*.

*G. Steady.* No, my Lord, but from his monstrous Ingratitude to all his Benefactors, especially to *Q - - - n An - - -*, whose flowing Bounty and Kindness to him and all his Family, must have obliged him if he had had a Soul capable of being obliged : And what Returns has he made ? (to speak in *Mr. St - - le's* Way) I say it is a Demonstration, that the *D--ke's* Conduct at the *Revolution* did not proceed from the Love of his Country, but from the worst Compound in Nature, that of Treachery and Covetousness : His Pretension to the former was I think never disputed ; and as for the latter, I will undertake to prove it ; and that the *Marquis de Bedmar*, whom every One that was then about Court may remember to have seen in *England*, whilst the *Revolution* was on the Anvil) advanced to her Gr--e 20000 Pistoles to carry on the Work. This, I say, I will undertake to persuade all Mankind of, provided his Gr--e at the same Time lays his Hand upon his Heart, and swears by his Conscience, he never touched

touched a Farthing of the aforesaid Sum.

*L. Pan.* Scandal, damn'd, villanous, *Tory* Scandal! For let you and that *miscreant Footman*, the *Examiner*, and all the *confounded, impudent,* *Vide, Englishman.* *graceless Rogues, Rascals, Sons of Whores, and Scoundrels, his Masters,* say what you please, Dammee, if there breaths a more generous, sincere, faithful, publick-spirited, grateful, loyal, honest, Gentleman, in the *Queen's* Dominions than *J--n D--e of M--*

*G. Steady.* To Answer this formidable Argument, the first Thing I do, I must observe to you, that I do not among all my Acquaintance know a *Moderate* Woman who hath not a shrill Voice and voluble Tongue; nor a *Moderate* Man but is well qualified to make a Figure in a *Bear-Garden*. And now to resume my Subject, I readily come into it, That the Cry about *Popery* was but too well grounded in King *James's* Reign; but must we therefore everlastingly be teiz'd and stunn'd with the same Cry, when there is no Ground for it? A House happen'd to be a Fire a Year ago, and shall all the Bells in *London* be set a Ringing every Night for 20 or 30 Years together, whenever the Bell-Men are disposed to terrifie us,  
and

and make us desert our Houses for Rogues to come in to Rifle and Plunder us? How long must Stentors be set a roaring at every Turn, when their wicked Occasions require it to deafen and distract us with *Popery, Slavery, the French, Tyranny,* and I know not how many other senseless Peals to the same Tune? During King *William's* Reign, and the Administration of your worthy *Patriots*, whenever the Parliament was to be hunted into *Dutch Measures* or *Junta Schemes*, and to engage for a larger Proportion of Men and Money than we were obliged to by our Alliances or able to bear, then the Fears of *Popery*, like *Egyptian Plagues*, pour'd down upon us, Plots were fish'd out, Men's Minds set afloat, the Lovers of the Constitution in *Church* and *State* branded and stigmatized, mercenary Scriblers hir'd to write, ambitious Clergymen employed to preach, and all Hands were set to Work to fill People's Heads with such Suggestions as these, *Here we shall all be undone, the Tyrant of France has a Fleet ready to invade us, the Irish are prepared for a Massacre, the Jacobites and Papists are up in Arms, and we must expect no better than the Gallies and Wooden Shoes, unless the Parliament gives what is demanded.*



*L. Panick.* By your Looks, 'Squire, you seem to think you have made a notable Speech of it, and knock'd all my Fears on the Head at once; but I must take you down a little, and let you know for your Comfort, that this prolix Harangue of yours, and Twenty more of the same kind, shall never make me believe, that so many Gentlemen of Penetration, Piety, Fortune, and good Sense, as *John Dun--n*, *Dick S - - -le*, *George Ridpath*, *Toland*, *B-r-r*, and *Asgill*, shou'd all conspire to tell a Lye.

*G. Steady.* It must be allowed, my Lord, you have muster'd up a precious Number, and have not, I think, omitted any Champions of Name who support your Cause; far be it from me to detract from their Characters: Let the Gentlemen peaceably and without Envy enjoy what they richly deserve; and if there be any other Reward to which they be justly entitled, I will readily give my Vote towards doing them Justice. But pray, without dwelling longer on the Men, will your Lordship favour me with an Account of what they assert or prove, that strikes you and gives you these terrible Palpitations?

*L. Pan.* Why, to Name no more, has not Mr. *S - - -le* particularly made it as  
B
clear

clear as Noon-Day, that *Dunkirk* is not yet demolished ?

G. Steady. If I may without Offence ask the Question : What then ?

L. Pan. Then there is a Town for Soldiers, and a Harbour for Ships.

G. Steady. *Encore*, my Lord, what then ?

L. Pan. Why then, what the Devil has the Pretender to do but to set out from *Dunkirk* with an invincible Fleet and Army, and to Land at *Dover*, and then--a Fight for your Church and Liberty.

G. Steady. You have dispatched this Affair with wonderful Address and Expedition, my Lord, and indeed have given the Argument its full Weight : But the Misfortune is, this whole Matter about *Dunkirk* will be so suddenly at an End, that I fear it will not admit of a Debate, and therefore I presume only in my turn, to express my Fears, that we shall one Day repent the Demolition of a Fortress which in Time we may want : If ever a Rupture shall happen between *Great Britain* and *France*, or *Britain* and *Holland*, the Loss of *Dunkirk* will be sensibly felt. But this I speak with all due Deference to Mr. Steele's Expectations : Since a Person of his Figure and Importance expected the Thing to be done, there was no more to be said : The pressing  
In-

Instances of the *Dutch*, and the Epence of the Garrison, might have been surmounted, but the redoubted *Englishman's* Remonstrance was not to be got over, and there's an End of *Dunkirk*. So now Mr. S---le may plume himself with *Demetrius's* Character, and henceforth be stil'd Captain S---le, or *Poliorcetes*. Well, my Lord, have your Champions proved any Thing else?

L. *Pun.* Yes, That the Peace is not as they wou'd have it.

G. *Steady.* That I do in my Conscience believe, for many substantial Reasons, and shall not put your Lordship or them to the Trouble of proving it. If the War had continued two Years longer, they had carried their Point; and it must be own'd they have Reason to be angry, that the Bit was taken out of their Mouth, when a little later it had been past Recovery. Besides, the Peace was not of their Making, my Lord *Marlb--gh* and the *Whigs* were not once mentioned in the *Treaty*: There was no *Guarantee* for the *Whig-Ministry*, Messieurs *Buys* and *Vander Dussen* did not make the same Figure as at *Gertruydenberg*, *England* was not consider'd as only an *Appendix* to *Holland*; but upon the whole, My Lord, notwithstanding all these Disadvantages of our Peace, and the

Restless Endeavours of your Friends, I do not doubt but it will be found a very good One: A seasonable Peace it was, I am sure to us. We had been spending our Treasure, and the Blood of our own and other Nations for Ten long Years, had Pawned almost every earthly Thing we were Worth, and cou'd net get Trust for a Shilling but upon great Premiums, and Mortgaging our last Stake; and which was still worse, the *Faction* clogged all the Proceedings of the *Ministry*, obstructed all our Measures, render'd us suspected to our *Allies*, and were moving Heaven and Earth to sink the *Credit* of the Nation: Under these Circumstances, What cou'd the Ministry do, but prevent our Enemies at Home, and be before hand with our *Allies* Abroad, and make an honourable Peace both for our Friends and our Selves? Nay, tho' the Peace were a bad One, the Whigs of all Men should be the last in condemning those who made it: They order'd Matters so, that a sudden Peace became absolutely Necessary for the Preservation of the State; and for them after this to cry out against the Makers of the Peace, argues them to be of a very querulous unreasonable Spirit; like hot-headed Riders, who Gallop, Whip and Spur, in rugged Ground, till their Horses fall, and then



then Damn and Curse the confounded Jades for not keeping their Legs better : But this whole Subject has been so unanswerably treated by the *Author of the Conduct of the Allies*, and is so much out of our present Road, that I intreat your Lordship to drop it, and to proceed to some other of your Causes for the Fear of Popery.

L. Pan. Faith George, thou has hobbled over this Objection, in a, so, so, kind of a Way ; but let us hear what you have to say to the Proceedings in Ireland.

G. Steady. What Proceedings ?

D. Pan. There are Three terrible Facts there which one Day or other will rise up in Judgment against some Folks. The Case of the City of *Dublin*, the *Prorogation* of the *Protestant Parliament*, and the Lifting Soldiers in the *Pretender's* Name.

G. Steady. I dare answer for it, the Devil never cook'd up such *Ollio* before, as the Scandal your Friends have raised against the Government upon Occasion of those Facts. As for the Business of the City, it is briefly this. Seventeen or Eighteen factious, pragmatical, ignorant, beggarly (excepting two or three at most) fanatical Aldermen, inflamed by an upstart Hellow, the Recorder, ( who hath

neither Law, Sense, Honesty, nor any Thing but a foul Mouth to recommend him); these scurvy Tools, I say, Spirited up by the two *Irish* Bouffeux For - - - and Br - - - ik, have bent their Force to gain a Point, whereby the *Mayoralty* may be always kept in the Hands of Men of their own Principles; and in this have acted contrary to the Opinions of the twelve Judges in *Ireland*, of the Queen's Council both there and here, and to their own Rules, Practice, and the express Words of their Charter. It is to be hoped, the E - - - of A - - - y, who so lately with incomparable Eloquence and Bravery baffled the insolent Attempts upon the Prerogative and Constitution in that Kingdom, will let People here perceive, that the Lenity of the Government is One of the main Causes of the Clamour against it; for whilst illegal Actions pass unpunished they are in Effect encouraged. But what has all this to do with *Popery*? The Prorogation of the *Protestant Parliament*, as you burlesque that Epithet, was the necessary Consequence of a Rupture between the two Houses: That Rupture was not more evidently the Effect of Impudence, Calumny, and a true bitter *Whig-Spirit* in one of the contending Parties, than of Trimming, Cowardice, and the grossest

grosseſt Blunders in thoſe whoſe Office obliged them to ſupport the Government. A Waxen L - - L - - - nt might have reſtrained and led the Commons at firſt, but our profound Politician found out the Way to ſet them into a Combution, and to make himſelf Contemptible: Nothing leſs than a Journey to *It - - y*, and a Boſom-Counſellor brought from thence, cou'd furniſh a Man with *Fineſs* enough to diſpleaſe all Sides, and yet to do nothing. As for the Liſting Soldiers for the P - - - r, which *Dick S - - le* and the Reſt of your *Irish* Dunces trumpet about at ſuch a Rate there is no more in it than this: There are ſeveral *Irish* Regiments in the *French* Service; *Galmoy's* is One of them, and was foundly maul'd at the Siege of *Fribourg*: *Toby Butler* is ſent over privately to *Ireland* for Recruits: To encourage the ſilly Natives to liſt, he makes uſe of the P - - - r's Name; ſo here is a terrible Invaſion of *Popery*: whereas, inſtead of importing *Papiſts*, *Butler* would have eaſed the Kingdom of a Boat-Load or Two of downright *Popery*; and I am informed, that if Ten or a Dozen ſuch poor Wretches as liſt for Three Pence a Day were exported out of that Kingdom yearly, it might conduce much to the Safety of Sheep and Black Cattle, and

not extreemly endanger the Protestant Religion. Well, my Lord, I guess you have still a strong *Corps de Reserve* to sustain your Fears, pray in what Disposition is it to appear ?

*L. Pan.* You may be as awkwardly witty upon my Fears as you please; but I shall never think my self safe whilst I remember that the *Pope* has excommunicated us all, and has allotted our Estates for his own Use, and our Souls for the *Devil's*: That many Lands now in the Possession of our principal Nobility and Gentry, formerly belonged, and assoon as *Popery* shall be established here, must revert, to *Abbies*: That the Clergymen must all part with their Wives and Children, because the Church of *Rome* prohibits *Ecclesiasticks* to marry: And, That the *Pope* has a Claim to the whole Kingdom by Virtue of a Donation made by King *John* to one of the Bishops of *Rome*.

*G. Steady.* Now this to me, my Lord, appears a solid Barrier against *Popery*; for, how inconstant soever Men are to their Friends, Wives, Mistresses, or Principles, they are generally true to their visible Interest: So that I join Issue with the pathetick Declaimers against *Popish* Tyranny and Persecution; and then I think the Case will stand thus. All the Protestants



stants in *England* know, that the *Pope* hath cursed them and theirs by Bell, Book, and Candle, and would burn every Mother's Son of them to Morrow if he could : A considerable part of the Nobility and Gentry know full well their *Abby-Lands* are a sweet Morfel, and wou'd be swallowed by the devouring Jaws of *Mother Church*, if she could get at them: The Clergy who have Wives know they must lose them; and what is worse, those who have none, know they must never have any if *Popery* comes in: And the Prince for the time being must know, that if the *Popes* had Footing here, they would renew their old Claim to the Kingdom; therefore, according to all Rules of Reason, Interest, and Self-preservation the Prince for the time being, a considerable part of the Nobility and Gentry, all the Clergy without Exception (unless there are some neither Married nor Unmarried) and in general all the Protestants of *England*, will oppose, Might and Main, any Encroachments of *Popery* in this Kingdom.

*L-Pan.* For once, *Squire*, thou hast stumbled upon something that looks like Reason, and yet it has but the look of it neither, for pray may not the Protestants be bribed?

*G. Steady-*

G. *Steady*. As to Bribery, *My Lord*, Men are now and then a little given to it I own : Mankind is frail, very frail as some of your Friends can witness ; but in this Case I am of Opinion there is no Danger, and that whoever says with a grave Face, the Protestants of *England* can be bribed to introduce *Popery*, thinks he talks to Fools, or is a Fool himself : For how is it possible ? Who can bribe us ? Not the QUEEN, for all that She is Mistress of goes in Charity : And besides, She has neither the Intention nor Ability to do it ; nor yet the *Ministry*, all they can do is to supply the Exigencies of the State out of the *Publick* Money ; and as for private Treasures if they had such, I doubt they would not be so zealous as to expend them in the Cause of *Popery*. But the Truth is, I hear of no Grants, no Monopolies, no Contributions, no extravagant Fees, no Insurances of Employments among them : They came in, as their Enemies say, without a Groat in any Bank in *England*, and I believe they will go out in not very much better Circumstances. Who are these money'd Men then, that are to bribe us into *Popery* ? The *Pretender* is as poor as a *Church-Mouse* ; the *Pope* never gives without good Security, unless some Assignments upon another World,

World, which our *British* Stock-Jobbers do not depend on: The *Highlanders* can only advance their Plads, the *Irish* their Brogues, and the *French* King a Waggon-load or two of Wooden-shoes, which not being proper for our Country, will never be received for current Cash. In short, *My Lord*, 'tis Nonsense to talk of bribing Three Kingdoms, and in this particular I cannot think less will serve the Turn; but if you will give me Leave to shew how other People may be bribed to cry out, *Popery, Popery*, when there is no Danger, I have a List of *Items* for you as long as a *Taylor's* or an *Attorney's* Bill.

*L. Pan.* Some impertinent Tale of a Tub. But let's have it.

*G. Steady.* *Imprimis*, The *Tories* have several profitable Places which the *Whigs* could fill with a good Grace, and much to their own Satisfaction.

*Item.* Revenge is sweet.

*Item.* *Toland* endeavours to merit the Favour he pretends to at a certain Court.

*Item.* To represent the *Tories* as Enemies to the *Protestant* S - - - n, nay go a good way towards making the *Ill - - - us House* Enemies to them.

*Item.* Many Officers, especially Military, are promised to be advanced in case a certain Thing happens.

*Item.*

*Item.* The Clergy have two unpardonable Faults, their Cloth and their Principles, and must be represented as *Papists*.

*Item.* Major *D--dall* hath been *Coffee-man* long enough, and hopes to have a Regiment by *Jenny's* Interest and Merits.

*Item.* The Duke of *M---gh* is not rich enough as yet.

*Item.* *Squash* wants an Employment.

*Item.* The *H--ver* Club meet at *Jenny Man's* House.

*Item.* *St--le's* Subscriptions are of great Importance to himself.

*Item.* A Civil-War is the Harvest of Bankrupts.

*Item.* The landed Interest must be lower'd at any Rate.

*Item.* *Bur--t* has a Month's Mind to *Canterbury*.

*Item.* The Restauration of *Maccartney* would be a glorious Conquest.

*Item.* The Dissenters (including *Deists*, *Socinians*, *Mugletonians*, *Clarkians*, *Family of Love*, *Seekers*, *Free-thinkers*, *Whistonians*, &c.) pant after Liberty of Conscience.

*Item.* Mrs. *Cad---an* keeps an Assemblée of great Use to Persons of both Sexes.

*Item.* The Author of the *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, &c. must have his Hands  
ty'd



ty'd up, because he writes the best of any Man in *England*.

*L. Pan.* Hold, hold, hold, will you never have done with your impertinent *Items*? You go stringing them on with as much insipid Gravity as a Nun tells her Beads in the Morning; and the Substance of all is to insinuate, that because some Men may find their Account in the Cry about Popery, therefore it is all groundless. A very pithy Conclusion! Well, you *Tories* are such clumsy Reasoners, I readily acquit you from the Charge of *Jesuitism*. But a Word in your Ear, and to confound what ever you have said or can say - - but 'tis a Secret - - the *Pretender* is turn'd *Protestant*.

*G. Steady.* Is he? I'm glad to hear it, and wish all the Papists in *Europe* would do the same: But what of that?

*L. Pan.* You don't seem startled -- don't you perceive the Danger?

*G. Steady.* Not I faith; wherein does it consist?

*L. Pan.* Is it possible? Lord, you Fox-hunters have such Understandings! Why if the *Pretender* be converted, he has the *Cunning to be Wise*, if not to be *Good*, there's the Mystery.

*G. Steady.*

G. Steady. *The Cunning to be Wise!* This seems Jargon to me, pray what do you Town-wits mean by it.

L. Pan. As you are a Friend, I advise you to read *Dick St---le's* Works, especially his *Master-Piece*, and which is unquestionably all his own, his Poem upon the *Procession*, where you will find *that* and a thousand other hits as bright: Such as *the universal fall of a Woman*; *the cruel Forbearance of Mothers, who don't stab their own Children*, *Gay Distress*, *the human Woe of a Horse*: But whether does my Admiration of this great Compiler hurry me? I think our Discourse was upon the *Pretender's* being a Protestant; If that does not convince you of Danger, nothing will.

G. Steady. There may be something in it, I cannot comprehend, for I don't see why a whole Nation should be in fear of *Popery*, because one Man hath renounced it, and so let it pass for I guess if it be true, it will not be long a Secret: But if your Lordship has any other Secrets---

L. Pan. A certain Gentleman is gone to *H---ver* to bamboozel, but we have a Trick for that.

G. Steady. I find you are very knowing in these Matters: But who is to be bamboozled?

L. Pan.

*L. Pan.* The House of *H - - r*, whilst the Cousin plays the Popish Game at home; but we know our Man, and design to Address the *Q - - -* to send over for the young *P - - ce*.

*G. Steady.* You are not in earnest I hope.

*L. Pan.* I gad but I am, and have a principal Hand in it, and so has a considerable *Tory - - -* you know who I mean. I assure you it will be of great Service to have - -

*G. Steady.* To have what - - - a Comptroller set over our *Q - - - n*, a Court of Appeal against Her Proceedings! What would *Queen Elizabeth* have said to an Address of this monstrous Nature? She who thought the Nomination of a Successor was a kind of setting Her Wind-sheet before Her Eyes! Would She not have answered the Addressors after this manner?

“ Gentlemen, you may fancy what you  
 “ please, but I want no Coadjutor, no  
 “ Director, nor will I admit of any such:  
 “ Your Chosen, your Darling, you may  
 “ make much of when I am gone; but  
 “ while I have Life by - - - I'll make you  
 “ know I can hold my own Scepter, and  
 “ rule you, without the Help of a Second:  
 “ You must know likewise, that I will  
 “ not

“ not suffer any young Sapling to be held  
 “ up at me *in terrorem*. Gentlemen, I  
 “ command you to return to the Place  
 “ whence you came, to provide whole-  
 “ some Laws for the welfare of *England*,  
 “ as well as of the Protestant Religion ;  
 “ and take it along with you, that who-  
 “ ever offers to bring in my Successor  
 “ before I am Dead, shall be deemed my  
 “ Enemy as long as I live.

It is probable a Princess of Her Reso-  
 lution would have answered the Addres-  
 sors in these or harsher Terms : But alas  
 the gentle Disposition of *Q-----A---*  
 ( who hath shewed her self rather the  
 tender Parent of Her People, than their  
 Mistress ) will incline Her upon this Oc-  
 casion to lament them more than Her  
 self. What a Stab must it be to Her ?  
 And what a melancholy Renewal of Her  
 Grief for the Loss of Her Dear Consort  
 and Hopeful Son ! In short, *My Lord*, it  
 is an odious Scheme, and I can never ima-  
 gine the worthy Person you hint at, is  
 capable of giving into it : Fame speaks  
 him a Gentleman of Honour, Good-na-  
 ture, Civility, a fine Understanding and  
 true *Church-Principles*, and can he be se-  
 duced into such barbarous Treatment of  
 his *Queen* ? if he should be thus delu-  
 ded,



ded, I prophesy loudly he would appear to all Mankind the Reverse of what he is now reputed to be : But I still look upon this to be only a groundless piece of Scandal cast on him by the *Whigs*, who know they can never more effectually blacken a Man of Honour than by giving out, that he is likely to fall in with their Measures, and I think we cannot have a better Evidence of his unfeigned Loyalty and Zeal for Her *M---sty's* Interest than the Mark of Favour lately shewed him by a House of *Commons* from whom we may expect all that is just and agreeable to Honour and Loyalty, and to a Love for their Country.

*L. Pan.* Pray *Squire* why all this Whine? What are the Ill Consequences you apprehend?

*G. Steady.* My Lord, let not our Pique against one Man prompt us to revenge it on our selves and others : Let not our Zeal for the *Han---r Suc---n* extinguish the Love and Duty we owe Her *M---sty*. If the young Prince comes over, the Consequences are plain ; all Expectants, that is, the greater part of the World will flock to make their Court to him : To compliment him on his Arrival they will press to have him declared *Gen---mo* and *L. H. A.* and will never rest satisfied till

all Power be thrown into his Hands, and how can human Wisdom prevent it, or answer for the Event? Tho' we might depend upon his sedate Temper, and fear nothing from the Fire of Youth, the Thirst after Rule, and the Ignorance of our Constitution; yet what may not the Counsels of Sycophants, and the Designs of wicked Men compass? How will they endeavour to inspire him with Resentment, and to tempt him with the View of a Crown within Reach? The Insolences of some People when he is not here, particularly their late tumultuous Assembly at *Jenny Man's*, may give us a Prospect of what they will attempt, when they think they have one at Hand to support them: Can any Man of Reason imagine they will be kept within Bounds? And if in the Height of their Hopes and Extravagance they should hire a greater Number of *Drummers* to beat up for *Han---r Volunteers*, than they did on *Her M---sty's* last Birth-Night, if they should make larger Collections, and give a Home-push for that which they then only nibbled at, where is our Remedy? How can we stem the Torrent? If this Design succeeds, farewell the mild and merciful Reign of *Q-----A---*, and I pray God  
 She

She may not have reason to say with  
*Anthony in Shakespear.*

*Oh Sun, thy Uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Anthony part here, even here:  
Doweshake hands--all come to this--the Hearts  
That pannell'd me at Heels, to whom I gave  
Their Wishes, do discandy, melt their Sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar.-----  
-----Betray'd I am.*

*L. Pan.* I grant it hard, and should not  
like to be serv'd so, were I a King, nor  
as I am a Lord; but Necessity and the  
*Publick* Safety require it.

*G. Steady.* Require it, *My Lord*, 'tis all  
Stuff and Cant; there is no necessity for  
it, no Danger but from your Friends:  
Here is a pother with *Popery*, *Popery*,  
when I defy any Man to point out one  
Action of the *Queen* or Her *Ministry* that  
looks like a Design to bring it in upon  
us. On the contrary, I challenge any Mor-  
tal to shew me a rational Method how it  
could be compassed, tho' there were such  
a Design on Foot; nay I undertake to  
prove, that according to the Nature of  
Things, and to all human Appearance,  
*Popery* cannot gain Ground in these King-  
doms let who will succeed Her M---sty  
in the Throne.

*L. Pan. Ay, George*, that is a bold stroke, and roundly promised I faith: You are now grown desperate, and *at all*; but this is much more easily said than proved. -

*G. Steady.* It may easily be proved, *My Lord*, if People will but open their Eyes, and not run blindfold after such Scribblers as *Dunton, Steele* and *Ridpath*, and the rest of that Gang: Is it not obvious to every Creature, that a Tendency to Superstition is not at present our National Foible? On the contrary, is it not the Fashion, especially among your Friends, to run riot against the decent Ceremonies of our Church; nay against the fundamental Doctrines of *Christianity*? Is it not evident, there never appear'd a more violent and universal bent, in all sorts of People, against the *Popish* Religion than at this Juncture? Are there not daily Persons of Quality and Fortune converted to the Church of *England*, and is there one single Instance of a Person of any Consideration gained over from us? Unless perhaps you can name a kept Miss or two, who I presume cannot be extremely dangerous to us in a Religious Way. I appeal to your Lordship, whether you are not persuaded that nine Parts in ten of the Nobility, and nineteen in twenty of the Gentry and Commonalty, and all the



the Clergy, are on the Protestant side : That all the Garrisons, the Militia, the Fleet and Army are in Protestant Hands ; that infinitely the greater share of the Riches and Lands are in the Possession of Protestants, and then I appeal to you, whether you do not think it next to impossible, that so vast a Majority of the Nation, and all the Clergy with the Garrisons, Militia, Fleet, Army, and infinitely the greater share of the Lands and Riches on their side should suffer their Religion to be wrested out of their Hands, and themselves to be made Slaves by an inconsiderable, weak, poor and dispirited number of Enemies : *My Lord*, without Partiality, without Prejudice, do but ask your self the Question, is the Thing, humanly speaking, possible to be done ?

*L. Pan.* Why not ? King *James* almost effected it, and had done it, if he had proceeded with more Caution.

*G. Steady.* I am persuaded, *My Lord*, he could not have succeeded, tho' he had acted with as much Caution as you please : However, let that pass, and let us examine your Inference. King *James* had almost introduced *Popery* , therefore another may accomplish what he aimed at : This, as Things stand, I positively deny.

In his Time the Prerogative was powerful, his Revenues clear, his Exchequer full, his own private Estate very considerable, Parliaments were laid aside, Judges were only during Pleasure, he had a standing Army here, and in *Ireland* the Papists were animated, the *French* King was hearty in the Cause, was young, to what he is now, and every Way enabled, as well as willing, to assist King *James*, and with all these Advantages what was done? Why, there was not a Skirmish fought for him in *England*, and there would have been little or no Appearance elsewhere in his Favour, had the P - - - of O - - - faithfully observed his Déclaration. And now for Argument-sake, let us suppose the P - - der on the Throne, and that he is so far distracted, and a *Bedlamite*, as to attempt an Alteration in Religion: the Question will occur; What is he able to do to compass the Design? The Prerogative is cramped in a thousand Particulars: There is not one Branch of the Revenue clear; there is not a Shilling in the *Exchequer*: He has not a Foot of private Estate, Parliaments are Triennial, Judges *quandiu se bene gesserint*, he is so far from being able to keep a Standing-Army, that without consent of Parliament he cannot keep a Man: The *French* King is old and unable

ble to assist him, and the Papists quite dejected, lessen'd in their Numbers, and extremely impoverished ; so that in this Situation (and every title of this is Fact) I ask any Man what the *Pre-der* could be able to do, though actually seated upon the Throne, and so lost to common Sense, as to endeavour at bringing in *Popery*.

*L. Pan.* He may effect that by Degrees, which at present may appear Impracticable.

*G. Steady.* If he be a Fcol he could never lay his Designs so as to bring them to bear ; And if he be a Man of Understanding, nay if he has but the Sense of a Goose, he would never attempt a Thing so Extravagant, especially considering how much he must depend upon the Parliament.

*L. Pan.* But I would not trust him with my good Will, nor any Popish Tyrant, whether Open or *Clandestine*.

*G. Steady.* Nor I neither ; I am as little in his Interests as you, and hate Tyranny as much. But, *My Lord*, I observe the Gentlemen of your Party use the Phrase *Popish Tyrant* very often, and in my Opinion, very preposterously, as if *Turkish Tyranny*, *Lutheran Tyranny*, or *Heathenish Tyranny* were nothing, and only

*Popish Tyranny* the Devil and all : This is just the Case of that celebrated Game, call'd *Whisk*. Plain simple *Whisk*, according to the A --- B --- p of C --- ry is very tolerable, and no Disqualification, but *Whisk* and *Swabbers* is the Vengeance. Now I assure you, I abhor *Tyranny* be it of no *Religion*, or of what Religion you please, and upon this Subject could vent as many Truifms as Mr. *St - - le* hath done upon *Liberty* : But the Wicked might suspect me of an Intention to insinuate dangerous Things.

*L. Pan.* Notwithstanding all you have said, I cannot but think our Religion and Liberty are in a dangerous Condition, considering the Assistance the *Pre - - - der* may have from foreign Forces.

*G. Steady.* If the *Pre - - - der* had any Territories in other Countries whence he might draw upon occasion Men and Money, and where upon Occasion he might retire, if Things went amifs with him here, I grant the Danger would not be Visionary ; but as the Case is with him, as he hath not a Penny in his Pocket, nor a House to put his Head in, but from the Courtesy of others, I cannot see how he can injure us with *Foreign Forces*.

*L. Pan.* Lard, thou art so dull of Comprehension ! I don't mean *Foreign Forces* of



of his own, but *Foreign* Forces with which his *Allies* may assist him.

G. *Steady*. I crave Pardon-- I thought the other Reflexion the more obvious--- But, *My Lord*, if all the Danger consists in the Help of his *Allies* may give him, we may set our Hearts at rest, our Enemies at Defiance, and every one sit down under his own Fig-Tree. For to State the Matter clearly, if this same *Pretender* (who appears to you in as many Shapes as a Posture-Man cou'd) be to come in at all, it must be by Consent, by Force it is impossible: If he has the Consent of the People, he can have neither Occasion nor Pretence to call in a Foreign Army; and shou'd he be weak enough to desire such a Thing, he must infallibly be the first Sufferer, and instead of a Prince become a Slave. But all this is supposing Castles in the Air, Things that may not, nay Things that never can be: I am confident no *British* Parliament will ever come into such dirty Work as to break a *Protestant* in favour of a *Popish* S---n, and without the Parliament the Thing is manifestly impossible. From the little Conversation I have among the *Members*, and those who are said to be *well* with the Ministry, I do not believe there is one of the latter, nor ten of the former, but are unalterably devoted

devoted to the *illustrious House*, and this even in the spight of the Whigs, who omit no Hellish Artifice to render all, but themselves, suspected to that House: If they are as fast Friends to it as they pretend, I avow it they are the worst Friends in *Christendom*, in as much as they do what in them lies to make all others it's Enemies: Their Logick is, We *Whigs* are the dearest Friends in the World to the House of *Hanover*; therefore you *Tories* are it's sworn Enemies; which is the only just Way of Reasoning I ever knew them guilty of: I call it just, because they give us the same *Measure they mete to themselves*; for this Logick wou'd hold very well with them, if we shou'd Trumpet it about, in what Favour we are; for I have the Charity to think, one main Reason why they affect to affront *Jesus Christ* so often, is, because we *Tories* treat him at least with more Respect, and a greater shew of Adoration than they. But as I said all the Supposition of the *Pretender* being on the Throne, is wild, and only made to shew what monstrous Absurdities those Men fall into, who say, that tho' we have a Protestant *Queen*, we are in Danger of *Papery*, when we cou'd not be in any Danger of it, even upon the extravagant Supposition of our having a *Popish King*.

L. Pan.

*L. Pan.* What Trifling is this, how many impertinent Evaluations do you use? Thy Brain goes muddled: Why don't you come to the Point of his *Allies*.

*G. Steady.* Upon the exactest Enquiry I can make, I find but Three or Four we call his *Allies*. The first is, the *French* King, who, zealous as he is to propagate his own Religion, has no great Stomach to a new War: He hath had his Hands but too full already: Never was Man more sick of a Wife, nor more desirous to be rid of her, than he of the late War; and he is now grown too old, too feeble, too poor, and too decrepid to engage again: At least, if he should be so frolicksome in his old Days, at near Fourscore, as to venture into the Lists, I dare Answer for it, his Adversary need not apprehend much from his Vigour.

*L. Pan.* This is Impertinent to the last Degree, the most provoking Foolery!

*G. Steady.* To be serious. *My Lord*, I believe, unless the *French* King doats, he will not meddle with a new War: He is very old, and every Way upon the Decline: He knows the distracted Condition his own Kingdom and Succession must be in, shou'd he die and leave them involved in a War: He has dropt the Character of

*In-*

*Invincible*, and now hopes to die in Peace: he has been so often baffled in the Attempts he made upon *England*, that he hath got a Surfeit of such Enterprizes; and which is still more for our Security, he cou'd not, tho' he were willing to do it, make any extraordinary Efforts against us. Mr, *Steele* in his *Englishman*, No. 10. hath given a full and lively Description of the Misery and Poverty of *France*, to which I shall add, That the Kingdom is exhausted of Men and Money, the King's Exchequer empty, the People dispirited, fatigued and oppressed by the late Wars, the Publick Credit entirely sunk, the Naval Force shattered to a Degree scarce to be imagined, inso-much, that to save his Crown, the King cou'd not at this Juncture, nor will he in many Years, (tho' he might live) be able to set out a tolerable Fleet to look us in the Face. It ought to be considered likewise, That probably the Government will soon devolve upon an Infant, and that a *Minority* in *France* is always attended with *Civil Wars*. of which there is now a greater liklihood than ever, there being a Spirit of Murmuring and Discontent through the whole Nation: And now, *My Lord*, if you consider the Circmmstances, I believe you will allow there is not much



much Danger to be apprehended from that Quarter.

*L. Pan.* But the Pretender may procure the Assistance of other Allies.

*G. Steady.* Yes, *My Lord*, I find some People of Foresight horribly startled at the *Duke of Lorraine's* Power: The profound *Daily Courant* and *Flying Post*, gave a dreadful Account of 25000 Men, of which 12000 are Horse, lately raised by that Prince, and I hear it whisper'd by good Hands, that he is fitting out a Fleet of 30 Men of War upon the *Moselle*. These Things indeed carry an ill Aspect. If the *Duke of Lorraine* should ship of those 15000 Foot and 12000 Horse, &c. If he shou'd Sail over three or fourscore Leagues of Land, and come and catch us Napping, we might be finely served, for *sleepy, senseless, stupid Dogs*, as the *Bishop of S-----* thinks us: But upon mature Consideration, I begin to apprehend no Danger on that Side. For tho' Flying Fishes, Flying-Coaches, Flying-Boats, nay, and a Flying-House, have been heard of, yet I fancy, the Pretender with all his Power can shew a *Flying-Navy* neither by Land nor Sea, unless by Conjuratation: But now I think of it, I begin to conclude him the most skilful *Conjurer* in *Europe*: He Stamps, and a powerful Army appears for him in  
*Ire-*

*Ireland*: He Coughs, and up starts a strong Fleet at *Brest*; At the Shake of his Wand he makes all *England* tremble, and raises a Legion or two of S---*th* Devils when he shuts his Eyes; and whip *prest*o *pass*, they all vanish in an instant, they are not to be found *in rerum natura*, and he remains Calm and Undisturbed all the while in his *Circle of Bar le Duc*. This Circumstance of his being a *Conjurer*. which I think none of our able Pens have yet touch'd upon, may perhaps recommend him to the Friendship of the two greatest Potentates in *Europe*, but without any Danger to us: It must recommend him to the Great *Turk*, who after the Fashion of *Eastern Princes*, hath a particular regard for *Cunning-Men* and it must likewise make the *Devil* his humble Servant till Death. As to the former considering the Distance between him and us, the Expence of fitting out a sufficient Armament, and the Uncertainties of a long Voyage, I am entirely of Opinion, we have not much to fear from his *Turkish Majesty*: The *Devil* indeed is very near us, and can raise at a Whistle a numerous Army Horse and Foot, and if there were Occasion for it, cou'd assemble a considerable Body of *Amazons*: But we have several very good Securites against him, The *Bishop* of S---*m* knows

knows all the *Depths* of *Satan*,  
 watches his *Waters* narrowly, Vid. Int.  
 and will not fail to give us sea-  
 sonable *Intelligence*, for which he may  
 have a large *Salary*, and the *Employment*  
 of *Scout-Master-General* against the *Devil* :  
 My Lord *W-----n*, can out-swear and  
 out-lye him, *St-----pe* and Lord *Pel----*  
 can run him through the *Guts*, *Jenny Man*  
 can burn him, and in fine, all the *Piety*  
 and moral *Virtues* of the *Whigs*, may be  
 mustered up, which will make us vastly  
 an *Over-match* for that powerful *Adver-*  
*sary*.

## F I N I S.

To be Publish'd,

**P**roposals for Printing by Subscription, An  
 Essay, concerning the Castration of Po-  
 pish Priests ; wherein will be shewed the great  
*Usefulness of the Work, and the best Method to*  
*perform the Operation? together with a De-*  
*dicacion to the Ladies, A la Mode de*  
*Stle .*

*An Essay upon the true genuine Original*  
*Tory-Maxim, viz. One Error in a Friend is*  
*more inexcusable than a Thousand Injuries*  
*from an Enemy. .*

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